Mr Subramanian of the Forest Department and Mr Majid's young son also accompanied us. We reached Bumila Creek on the north eastern coast of the Little Andaman at about 3 P.M. and having sighted an Andamanese hut we decided to anchor the launch there. The beach was about 2 miles from the place of anchorage. We took out a small boat and rowed to the beach and reached the hut at about 4 P.M. It was found to be abandoned but there were signs of human occupation and within a few yards a water-hole was discovered. A broken canoe, with a single out-rigger was found close to the hut (*see* Plate I, Fig. 1). Burnt coal and smouldering ashes in the centre of the hut showed that it was probably deserted by the Aborigines as soon as they had sighted us. After making a careful inspection of the place we returned to our launch and decided to anchor there for the night. Unfortunately the choppy sea and the strong current coming from the Bumila Creek tossed our small boat throughout the whole night, as a result of which all of us had an uncomfortable time.

We left southwards towards Hut Bay early in the morning and as we moved along the coast we sighted another Onge hut. This did not seem to be deserted as we saw a few people moving about. We decided to stop there and investigate. We took out a boat and moved towards the coast with such presents as we had brought from Port Blair on the advice of the Chief Commissioner. When we got near the coast, we left the boat and walked for about a furlong through coral beds finally reaching the shore. The hut was found to be circular in shape and not too large, and was occupied by 2 adult females, 1 adult male and a young boy. The adult male, *Ukla*, was the father of the young boy and husband of the younger woman. The older woman was his mother-in-law. These people appeared very friendly. We gave them presents we had brought and took photographs and made drawings of their hut. In addition, full anthropometric measurements were taken by me and blood was taken from fingers for typing by Mr Sarkar. Ukla was able to speak a few Hindi words and we gathered that he had been to Port Blair and knew Mr Bonington, formerly of the Forest Department, Andaman Islands. We found in front of the hut, hanging from a large tree the skull and mandible of a Dugong (*see* Plate I, Figs. 3 & 4). We enquired about its significance from Ukla, but unfortunately his knowledge of Hindi was not sufficient to explain it to us. We learned from him, however, that the name of the village was *Laito*. After making friendly gestures, we returned to 'Molly' and proceeded immediately towards Hut Bay. At about noon time while we were having our lunch, we suddenly saw three outrigger canoes (of single outrigger type) coming towards us, each carrying about 4 Onges. We signalled to them and they came to our launch and tied their canoes with it and came on board. The men appeared to be friendly and not afraid of us. Our greatest difficulty, however, was language, as we could not make ourselves understood as none of the crew or any other member including Mr Subramaniam of the Forest Department knew that language. There was one man who seemed to occupy a position of authority among these men, and was painted with red and yellow ochre on the forehead, arms and breast. The

crew of the ship called him 'Raja' and we adopted this name (*see* Plate IV, Figs. 1 & 2). He was the only one among the Onges who was fully armed with knives, bows and arrows. Among the contents of the canoes, we found complete fishing out-fits, bows and arrows, ropes and nautilous shells, for bailing out water. There was also a kind of bamboo float about 1½ ft. long, probably used for turtle fishing. We gave them food, cigarettes and other presents. After they became quite familiar with us and friendly, they were subjected to full anthropometric measurements by me. Their blood was also tapped by Mr Sarkar for typing. The presents given were iron nails, strips of red cloth, tea and tobacco leaves. Among all these objects what they liked most were the tobacco leaves. Cooked rice, dal (cooked lentils) and fish curry served to them from the launch Mess were however not much appreciated. With the few Hindi words that they were able to understand, we told them that we would like to visit their camp next morning and meet other members of the party. After the canoes had left, we anchored at this point for the night and after taking an early breakfast we left for the shore in two batches. We were informed by the crew that the creek near the Onge camp was called the *Dugong Creek*. We had to wade through brakish water and coast fringing with coral beds for about two miles, before we reached the Onge settlement. There was one large circular communal hut characteristic of the Onges and several lean-to's (*see* Plate I, Fig. 2). We noticed three canoes on the beach apparently those with which they came to meet us on the previous day. We saw also several small dogs and the entrails of a pig strewn round. We met all the 12 Onges we saw the day before, along with Ukla and his family. In addition there were a number of women and children. We took out our presents of dried tobacco leaves, iron nails and two large fishes that we had caught on our way from Port Blair. These were distributed to the Onges. There were altogether 17 men, 15 women, 4 boys and 3 girls. The children were between 1½ to 4 years. The entire party of Onges behaved towards us in a friendly manner and subjected to our measurements and tapping of blood from their fingers without any protest. We went inside their hut and inspected the settlement very thoroughly. A large number of photographs were taken. We found that the name of this village was *Tambebui*. As it became rather late, we decided to return to 'Molly' in the Andamanese canoes, rather than walk through the coral beds for 2 miles. The Onges understood our signs and gladly escorted us back to the launch. We found there were several other Onges waiting for us in the launch who came from the neighbouring village *Gabilong*. All of these Onges appear to be under the influence of the man nick-named as 'Raja' (*see* Plate IV, Figs. 1-2).

We could not proceed towards Hut Bay as the launch had to return for duty at Port Blair, where we reached at about mid-night.

After reaching Port Blair, I discussed the matter of transport with the Chief Commissioner, Mr Majid. A thorough coastal survey of Little Andaman would take at least 15 to 20 days. As it was found impossible to get either from the Forest Department or from the Harbour Master any of their launches

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122 torches for hunting by night. There were pigs everywhere. In half an hour we often got
114 six or more of them. At Chemalê, far from the coast, we had eleven in a few minutes for
[37] distribution to everybody, including roaming Onge. Pigeons and ducks also were often plentiful. The simple pleasures of hunting incited everyone to a spontaneous daily struggle through the dense forest ; and so, every month, I managed to carry out many times the work I could have done had I not kept all the men glad to follow me. On seven different occasions I spent 162 days in Little Andaman, out of a total of 634 days altogether in the Andamanese Archipelago – all of them given up to Onge research. These trips are recorded
128 in Port Blair Government offices. A few details on the subject are published in the "Bul-
114 letin of the Department of Anthropology", Government of India, starting in Vol. II, No. 1, 1953 (issued in 1956) and extended to other issues. Such papers were hurriedly prepared by me while I was halting in Calcutta on my way from the Andamans to Europe. Press proofs could never be submitted to me; there are, consequently, many misprints, particularly in the figures relating to my Onge Census. The misprints are so obvious that they could only influence a most biased critic : to be discussed in future papers and while my Onge book is in preparation. In Port Blair (South Andaman) I started an Onge Museum with material collected by me. I had the honour of inaugurating it on 6 July, 1953 in the presence of the Chief Commissioner for Andamans and Nicobars, Mr. A. K. Ghosh, one of the kindest and most intelligent Indian gentlemen that it was my pleasure to meet in Asia. On 9 March, 1954 Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD, President of the Republic of India, also visited the Museum. On that occasion I introduced to him 30 of my Onge friends (wives, husbands and children) in their most natural attire. The President questioned me at length on Onge anthropology and ethnology with the pertinence of a specialist.

123 While in Little Andaman I tried to study all possible aspects of Onge life. I also
[121] tried to count the natives : a very difficult task for they are a nomadic people, ready to vanish into the jungle at any moment. Often I was surrounded by them without seeing a single one. In the darkness of their jungle, the small, black, naked Onge easily disappear. They see us but we do not see them. They can only be counted in their sleeping quarters
[361] in communal huts ; even so, results are misleading. I found a number of communal huts
126 in the interior regions of Little Andaman, whereas previously they were said to exist
178 only on the coast. The larger, more solidly built huts are in the forest. With the help
361 of my Indian assistants I obtained plans and photographs of all the huts that I saw.
[24] Unfortunately the number of Onge communal huts is rapidly diminishing – a very significant fact. Many are in ruins, many more completely destroyed. Only kitchen-middens and occasional clusters of planted bamboo indicate their former location. Through an interpreter, and with two Onge speaking a little Hindi, I was able to gather information on these and other matters. Direct observation, however, proved the best way of gaining knowledge. In some places there was nothing to help me, and I was compelled to guess about communal huts whose inmates chose to hide in the jungle. Of the many personal
[551] names that I collected I must say that they are reliable only for a short period : the Onge
553 like to change their names from time to time. All this, in addition to the Onge's nomadic
547 way of life, causes great confusion and makes a proper Census almost impossible. Frequent changing of names also hinders the establishment of genealogies. Furthermore, the Onge custom of adopting children shifts many of them from one family to another, and adoptive parents invariably claim them as their own offspring. The parents themselves, who are ignorant of numbers, not infrequently forget how many children they have, who these children are and where they are located. It was almost useless to follow previous information concerning communal huts ; and so I decided to consider mainly the situation
[114] existing at the time of my visits. The result of my Census may be imperfect, but before criticizing it it would be advisable to know the conditions that prevail in anthropological work among the Onge. Something more than merely counting people, anyhow, was achieved by me in Little Andaman.

In this short paper I am pleased to present a peculiar aspect of Onge life, an aspect that these innocent and once hostile people did not attempt to hide from me, though they also told me nothing about it. Only direct observation could help, and it involved pro-

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tracted hardship and considerable risk, not so much from the natives themselves as from the implacable Andaman sea. We had a terrible time during several of our landings from the open Indian Ocean. Constant danger additionally stimulated the development of research in Little Andaman. All the Indians and the Burmese behaved bravely. Among them I wish to mention here my Indian stenographer, a married man nearing thirty, from Bengal: RANDHADIR KUMAR DEY, who, on 12 and 13 February, 1953, on the south coast of the island shared two frightfully narrow escapes with me. I am sure that neither of us will ever forget it. I later found a comfortable landing place, now indicated by floating buoys, on the north coast. Two other Bengalese assistants who were a great help to me in Little Andaman and had been selected from a number of young aspirants, are PRONAB GANGULI and BIMAL CHANDRA ROY. My work in the Andamans could not have been accomplished without them and without the initiative and encouragement of officers such as Dr. B. S. GUHA, Director of the Department of Anthropology of the Indian Government, Mr. AJOY K. GHOSH, the kind, open-minded Chief Commissioner of Andamans and Nicobars during my 1951-1953 stay there, and Mr. S. N. MAITRA, who succeeded Mr. GHOSH as Chief Commissioner. In a book that I am writing I try to point out the significance of my work in the Andamans, carried out with the help of such distinguished, and sometimes heroic, Indian collaborators.

I. Hygienic Conditions

1. Habitation

The nomadic Onge have two kinds of shelter: one temporary, the other permanent, used only for short periods at a time. The Little Andaman forest is full of abandoned temporary shelters; the permanent camps are fewer, mainly situated along the coast. They consist of communal huts, strongly built by a number of families roaming under the direction of a leader. The huts have a ritual significance, as we shall presently see. Inside each communal hut are a number of beds generally equal to the number of families. Small fires are kept burning day and night near the beds, a precaution that I was thankful for on many cold nights succeeded by hot days. The Onge require nothing more against the cold. In their camps they can withstand the heaviest storms and drenching rains. In order to avoid chills it is enough for them to protect their fires from extinction. This applied to me too, while living among the Onge. The warmth and the dry air ensured good health for us all.

A few additional beds are for the use of bachelors nearing marriage. Most of the beds are marginally and radially placed; a few are placed transversally. Normal beds accommodate father, mother (the Onge are monogamous), children and dogs, all in a heap. In temporary as in permanent shelters it is customary for families to eat separately, each close to its bed. The low, round roof of the communal hut does not reach the ground; a gap of 30 cms is left free for creeping in and out at will without using the main door (a simple mat to be lifted). Rubbish is thrown carelessly everywhere, e. g. directly outside the circular hut, which is consequently surrounded by a malodorous ring of bones, imperfectly cleaned shells, bits of rotting shellfish and other animals – a rich breeding ground for flies and various other insects that rapidly destroy everything edible, leaving the grass to grow until the next lot of garbage accumulates. Building and rebuilding a communal hut always on the same

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spot for centuries leads to the formation of kitchen-middens [1]. In the temporary camps something similar happens: the only difference consists in the fact that rubbish dumps only accumulate at the back of the temporary shelters, as a consequence of their peculiar shape that I shall not describe here. These dumps are heaven-sent love nests for insects of many species, mostly flies of a metallic green colour. They follow the Onge from camp to camp and thrive on scraps from human meals. When travelling in Little Andaman I was unmistakably warned of the nearby presence of Onge camps by the appearance of those familiar living beings.

The filth that coats the floors of communal Onge huts offers an ideal breeding ground also for myriads of fleas. Dogs spread them all over Little Andaman. Owing to the fact that the communal huts are deserted for months at a time during the dry season, the fleas become hungry and assault human beings vehemently whenever possible. When visiting empty communal huts I myself, and the persons with me, were plagued by such assaults. Fleas advanced suddenly from feet to head in thick, shimmering brown layers, covering first our legs. We were obliged to strip and douse ourselves with insect-repellents. As for other parasites, including ticks and mosquitos, equally plentiful in Little Andaman, the Onge do not appear to be inconvenienced by them.

The communal huts are used for another purpose as well, unhygienic but of high ethnological interest: the interment of human corpses. When they die, the inmates are buried beneath their beds. In other words, communal huts are also cemeteries. Many human skeletons are found by digging under the beds. Until 1952 this fact was unknown about the Andaman Islanders although it is encountered in all Onge communal huts without exception. An analysis of this custom led to further discoveries: the Onge wish to compel the spirit of a deceased person to remain close to the living as a protection, so they offer it the communal hut for an abode, the idea being that a spirit cannot wander far from the bones of its former body. A series of Onge practices point to this belief: felled enemies must be burned and reduced to ashes in order to render them harmless. Their hostile souls, according to the Onge, rise toward the sky in smoke as the bones are consumed. For the same reason, bones of relatives are fashioned into necklaces. The most conspicuous of these is the *ibidanghe*, worn generally by women and young girls, which is made from a decorated human jawbone. The aim is to obtain the assistance of the departed relation in fighting illness and bad luck. Direction in hunting, fishing and even quarrelling is supposed to come from the dead kept close to the living. We can trace this belief on the connection between bones and souls to a remote origin: Southern Asia megaliths had, in my opinion, no other cause for offering shelter to spirits and promoting useful relations between the living and the dead. I reached this conclusion after studying the contemporary habits of Travancore mountain and other Indian tribes, particularly the Munda. In Nias we find traces of the same customs as among different peoples of Indonesia and Oceania, who

[1] I discussed this at the two international anthropological congresses of 1952 (Vienna) and 1956 (Philadelphia), and have more to say on the subject in my book about the Onge.

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3. Food

In the absence of men, women also are good at fishing inside the coral reefs. They do this with two small nets used together. Their catch generally consists of brilliantly coloured fish with yellow, red, green, blue, black and white stripes forming varied and attractive designs. The Onge eat all fish without discrimination. My Indian collaborators, on the other hand, considered the coloured fish dangerous to their health and refused to cook them ; the Sacred Vedas, in fact, advise the avoidance of brigthly hued fish and of fish without scales. I wanted to try both kinds, and found them perfectly palatable, tasty and harmless.

No tool, used for any purpose by the Onge, ever gets a cleaning. Cleanliness, I repeat, is unknown in Little Andaman. See how food is prepared and disposed of ! Care is taken only not to throw big pieces of meat intended for cooking directly on the bare ground ; but once it is cooked, food is treated with the utmost disregard for dirt, dust, cobwebs and other such things. It is usually left lying around on large leaves spread out for the purpose. The remains of the Onge's orgiastic meals are kept out of reach of the dogs on the ceiling of the huts, to be covered with flies when no fire is lit directly below. Sand and grit may get wedged annoyingly in the teeth, but not such impalpable things as dust or cobwebs. The use of unclean food is not repugnant to the Onge. The same can be said for water polluted by dogs drinking and bathing in it, or by the presence of putrefying carcases. In the west of Little Andaman I saw some Onge avidly drinking from pools of a blackish water with a revolting sulphurous smell. After thoroughly filtering and boiling it, I too used such water, for it was the only water available in the neighborhood. This caused no ill effects. My Indian men considered it perfectly healthy and invigorating, and drank it safely in its natural condition.

The Onge eat with their unwashed fingers, without the help of tools. On rare occasions they use platters made of the flattened-out stems – or bracts – of *areca* palms. They sometimes carry these platters when travelling, but of course never wash them although they become coated in rancid, greasy filth. They soon assume a dark colour and a truly revolting appearance – aside from the awful smell. A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN's statement – that the Andamanese paint their bodies to neutralize the unpleasant smell of food that clings to them after their orgiastic feedings – shows only indirect knowledge of the life and manners of those people. Even the horrible flatulence that follows their pork orgies is not considered an inconvenience ; yet it is much more revolting than all the other body odours.

Although the Onge observe few hygienic precautions they do follow a number of medical practices, not all devoid of beneficial effects. Here are a few more remarks on their eating and drinking habits. For about six months of the year, between November and April, water is scarce in Little Andaman. Every kind of fresh water is then considered good by the Onge, regardless of whether it is a murky infusion of rotting leaves or afloat with the putrefied

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312 caracases of small animals. During the droughts, marine hermit crabs, of
271 which a profusion is found in Little Andaman even far from the sea-shore,
[196] often choose to die in fresh-water pools. They are not removed from the pools.
[415] A nautilus shell is sometimes used as a drinking vessel ; failing this, the Onge
[516] lap up the water like animals, on all fours, directly from the pool. Since they are
231 very fond of dogs, man and dog drink together from the same tiny pool, often holding no more than a few pints of water. Dogs reached Great Andaman as early as 1857 ; they came to Little Andaman much later. Before that time there were no dogs in the Andamanese Archipelago. They soon became the natives' cherished and much appreciated assistants in the hunting of wild pigs. Many unhygienic habits followed the appearance of dogs in the Andamans.

271 The Onge have no idea of boiling water for the purpose of disinfection ;
[47] nevertheless their health does not appear to suffer at all as a result of the polluted water they drink. When, in 1952, I dug a well near the left bank of
123 Dugong Creek on the north-east coast of Little Andaman, I was compelled to fence it in so as to prevent dogs from drinking it and bathing in it.

264 Dogs lick everything that smells of food, including the cooking pots,
[291] and the pots are not washed before use after the dogs have licked them.
[136] Swarms of flies of different species and small coleoptera of a brilliant blue colour, one of them 6 mms long, follow the dogs after they have "cleaned" the pots by licking them. They line the inside of the pots with a crawling, living coat, moving restlessly around in search of food. One species of fly, which is of a brilliant, metallic green colour, has a peculiarly disagreeable smell. All the flies lay eggs while feeding, but the eggs are soon devoured by the hovering bluish coleoptera. Thus in a few hours all traces of organic matter disappear from the pots. Subsequent exposure to fire undoubtedly destroys the germs that would otherwise be certainly dangerous to human beings.

415 The Onge no longer use indigenous pottery for cooking. Its disappearance
177 is recent, as the sherds that litter Little Andaman prove to the investigator.
[323] Excavation in modern kitchen-middens leads to the same conclusion. During the last war, quantities of empty petrol drums were washed up on the Andaman shores. They were found in such numbers that the Onge have not yet used them all up : after 1952 I found several of these containers abandoned, untouched, in the jungle. The primitive inhabitants sawed each container in two cylindrical halves, thus transforming them into cooking pots. The result was that within a few years the fragile ancestral pottery of the Onge disappeared altogether. Furthermore, aluminium pots were distributed among the natives after 1952. Probably the indigenous pottery will never again reappear.
[252] Each half of a petrol drum is large enough to contain a pig, or a turtle weighing
262 150 lbs, cut into pieces. Only the flesh of these animals is consumed by the
[231] Onge ; the nourishing broth is poured out onto the ground or left in the pot to be lapped up by the dogs. The Onge believe that broth is unhealthy and avoid drinking it.

251 No matter how prodigious the catch of sardines or other fish, unobtain-
[185] able at other times of the year, no attempt is made at storing part of it in view of future shortage. The Onge are unacquainted with methods for preserv-

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ing edible matter; furthermore, they don't care to take the trouble as food is generally plentiful. We must also realize that they find salt repulsive. Even honey – so easily kept for many months – is disposed of, if possible, on the very same day it is collected. Incredible quantities of this or other food may be consumed for days and nights on end until everything disappears. Very few of the islanders care to vary their meat diet with an occasional diet of vegetables in order to disintoxicate the system; yet nourishing yams and other roots grow wild and plentiful. They are so rich in carbohydrates that I preferred them to potatoes and rice. I may add that the Onge, on my request, brought me yams and roots that they were glad to barter with rice, tea and sugar – soon declared by their wise men to possess medicinal properties.

The Onge's stomach, intestines and general physiological equilibrium suffer from lack of salt and such bad nutritional habits as those described. They damage the human body, together with unrestrained sexual activity.

One highly unhygienic custom of the Onge is the use, all over Little Andaman, of peculiar sucking-sticks. These pass from mouth to mouth during the frequent meat or honey orgies indulged in by the natives.

When boiling pork or turtle, a quantity of liquid fat floats on the surface of the broth. Though the Onge despise the broth, they don't like to waste the fat. So they devised an efficient solution: they suck the fat up by means of a wad of absorbent matter obtained by chewing the end of a fibrous stick selected among many species of trees in the forest. The end of the stick is chewed along a section of 5 cms, the remaining part – about 25 cms long and 2 cms thick – is used as a handle to prevent the fingers from burning.

In every Onge camp sucking-sticks are permanently in evidence owing to the inmates' frequent ingestion of liquid fat or honey. A second version of the sucking-stick consists in a narrow, cotton-like strip, up to 80 cms long, with only a small part of the original wood remaining. This serves as a handle for dipping the stick into a wooden barrel full of honey. In both instances the same tool passes for hours from mouth to mouth: from older people to greedy children, anxious to suck the coveted delicacy off the stick that has been dipped into the pot. The rapid spreading of epidemics, which often occur in the Andamans, is certainly encouraged by the use of these sucking-sticks. I found no reference to this practice in books on the Andaman Islands.

Everything they eat, particularly meat, the Onge consider as either remedial or harmful. They are therefore chary of accepting proffered food if it is unknown to them. When I brought 30 Onge to Port Blair to introduce them to Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD, President of the Indian Republic, they were troublesome about food. In Port Blair it was not as easy as in Little Andaman to procure whole pigs; sometimes only pieces were available. The Andamanese Forest Department was quickly informed of the difficulty and kindly supplied the desired animals. In moments of shortage I tried to give the Onge cooked lamb, goat, chicken and pigeons; they resolutely refused them as unhealthy. Birds are never eaten by the Onge, who consider them shelters for human souls

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and therefore dangerous to offend by cooking them. Luckily they accepted fish of almost every description, and vegetables. To convince them of our good intentions concerning their food, at Port Blair an Onge observer was stationed permanently near the kitchen to watch the preparation of meals. Nevertheless, within a few days all 30 Onge fell ill as a consequence of the different food and climate. In their island they sleep, completely naked and uncovered, lying directly on beds made of rough branches. Their only precaution, as I mentioned before, is to keep a fire permanently burning close to the bed. This was not feasible in the rooms with wooden floors that were provided for them in Port Blair, and blankets did not avail. So the 30 Onge developed a fever and we were obliged to take them urgently back to Little Andaman, where they promptly recovered. The incident gave me a further opportunity to observe the curative methods of the Onge.

With regard to their care to avoid illness from food, I must point out the fact that misleading information has been published on the subject even in reputed papers on the Andamans. I will discuss them in my Onge book, but I wish here to briefly stress a few points: the Onge, and the present residual coastal or forest Andamanese, refuse to eat – besides birds and fish such as shark, ray, eel or muraenae – some other animals such as paradoxurus, bats, rats, varanus and snakes. The contrary is affirmed in those papers. To quote the well-known book by A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN ("The Andaman Islanders", pp. 37, 91 and 389), all Andaman Islanders, including the Onge, consider the above-mentioned species edible. Varanus is supposed to be acceptable for its lustful habits that make of it an aphrodisiac. My direct and protracted experience both in Little and in Great Andaman compels me to state that such information is false. It is true, however, that the Andaman Islanders believe they acquire some of the properties of their devoured victims. This occurs only if the animals are cut up alive. Therefore turtles, pigs and dugongs are cruelly sectioned while still alive, and the Onge also believe that their health and energy profit by it. Cannibalism may be founded on such beliefs, but it is completely unknown to Andaman Islanders of all times and places. Young sucking-pigs are avoided, as food, by men, and even withheld from the dogs; but the Onge are partial to other things which, in our opinion, are far worse: crickets, and the fat larvae of coleoptera that collect in tree trunks.

Without giving here a full list of the foods that are considered harmful or curative, I shall add just a few remarks on the subject. The healthiest, as well as the tastiest part of the pig is supposed to be the kidney and its surrounding fat. It is offered to old or distinguished people, as a sign of favour. As I helped the Onge, as much as possible, with gifts of tools and medicines, they found it complimentary to name me after their favorite titbit, intending thereby to honour me as a friend and healer. By such a name I came to be known in Little Andaman, and this made my work easier. In the Onge language the word for kidney fat is *cur-changhēghē*; I was delighted with it, for it proclaimed the high esteem I was held in by my Onge friends.

Foods considered healthy by the Onge include honey, yams, several succulent roots and the fat of turtle and dugong. Pteropus, a giant bat very

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291 754 *naquinẽghẽ* exposes the former owner to harm. Ill-disposed persons could use it for black magic practices. I collected specimens of this garment, all of them, however, brand-new – for the above-mentioned reason. To avoid trouble to the owner, nobody is allowed to touch the *naquinẽghẽ*, which is worn in front of the vulva. To touch it is a deadly offence. Aside from the *naquinẽghẽ*, Andaman 842 colonists attribute the natives' sterility to their abhorrence of salt. Another 263 opinion would have it that the lack of salt transforms human saliva into poison: the Jarawas, by spitting on their arrows render them poisonous. The absurdity of this belief is so evident that it requires no confutation. The Onge refuse to eat salt because they consider it unhealthy, or, to say the least, disgusting.

III. Illnesses and Onge Curative Methods

164 Few illnesses affect the Onge, but they succumb to those few with surprising speed. Often they become seriously ill for mysterious reasons and in spite of their robust appearance. Smallpox, tuberculosis and poliomyelitis are unknown in Little Andaman, although they sometimes strike in the nearby Nicobars. Measles broke out on the island on more than one occasion, killing off all the inhabitants of several communal huts, which I later found deserted and in ruins. With regard to syphilis, the Indian Census of 1931 quotes an old remark of PORTMAN's concerning a few individuals considered by him as infected. This was later denied.

[752] [123] Onge women are more resistant to illness than men. Wounds heal promptly in both sexes, without the aid of remedies. A few of the older men, however, had suppurating sores on their legs, slow to disappear even when disinfected and treated by me with European medicines. No similar sores were found on women. On the other hand, women suffer more than men from ringworm, mainly in the umbilical region. Nothing is done to rid them of it because the discomfort is slight. I suggested an Indian cure made with the leaves of the neem tree, or Melia azedarach, very common in Southern Asia [123] where it is considered sacred. I imported the plant to Little Andaman, but the Onge displayed no interest in it. I found a single instance of leucoderma, in a woman with whitish spots on her hands and lips. I could get no reliable information about the incidence of cancer, but it appears to be rare on the island. No baldness is to be seen in Little Andaman, and I found few traces of [142] greying hair, as the Onge die young. A transversal bregmatic furrow is noticeable [482] in all individuals, male and female, as a consequence of carrying loads hung from their heads by a strip of bark. The Onge start doing this in childhood. An artificial, unintentional deformation of the skull is the result of that uncomfortable habit.

751 302 [386] For hygienic reasons the Little Andaman aborigines paint their bodies with refined clay and ochre of various shades, mainly reddish. This gives the women occasion to embellish the bodies of their husbands with an endless variety of geometrical designs. Every year I found changes in their patterns, and I

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164 do they suffer from the eye infections that are so common in the tropics. Their
151 highly trained eye can distinguish at a great distance small vessels on the troubled waters of the sea that people with normal eyesight could not perceive without a telescope. Normal vision, I suppose, is the same for the entire human
123 race ; but we exercise our eyesight less. In the dark fastness of the jungle, the
151 Onge were able to point out birds sitting motionless high up in the trees, quite invisible to me notwithstanding my experience in collecting even the tiniest specimens. With their sharp eyes they sought out for me a collection of minute mimetic amphibians living far from the ground on tree trunks, previously unknown to science. The same thing often happened when I was unable to see as far as they did. The help of my savage friends was invaluable in avoiding the poisonous snakes that we met with daily in our camps or while travelling. For our protection, the Onge always marched in front of my men. They could discern reptiles hanging from branches among thick foliage, waiting to bite us on the neck, or lying perfectly still in the tall grass, ready to attack our legs. The only trouble we had with snakes was when the men I had brought from India, in moments of enthusiasm ran ahead into the interior of the jungle, eluding their Onge vanguard.

752 The Onge themselves, however, are sometimes bitten by snakes, with
123 dire consequences. Happily the Andamanese snakes are less deadly than the
[136] same species on the continent, and few deaths occur from snake bite ; but it can curtail a man's activity for several months. In March 1953 an Onge friend
[222] of about 25 who had climbed a tall tree to collect honey, inadvertently seized with his left hand a snake concealed in a tuft of creepers, and was bitten above the elbow. Frightful swelling ensued, together with shooting pains and a raging fever. The man was brought to me unconscious, his left arm had already assumed the appearance of a huge, rigid, elongated sausage. The Onge had smeared all his body, and particularly the wounded arm, with ochre mixed with honey, turtle fat and rough clay. They have no specific remedy for snake bite. It was too late, but in an attempt to save the patient an antiophidic injection was practiced on him. Within a few hours he appeared to rally. I saw him again after eleven days ; his arm had been treated in the Onge way and put in a sling made of ficus bark cut into narrow strips. Fever had disappeared, and in part also the swelling, so he could move his elbow a little. The skin peeled off the whole length of the arm. Where the fangs had entered the flesh two round, red, suppurating wounds, 1 cm in diameter, were discernible under a layer of clay and honey. The man recovered in about two months. During his
476 illness the people who shared his communal hut exempted him, his wife and his children from all work, and supplied them with all requirements. This occurs in every case of illness, showing the complete solidarity that prevails among those simple people – once considered ferocious. Always, if the wife is ill, the husband is automatically relieved of his hunting, fishing and food-collecting duties. Friends provide food for the family, no matter how many the members thereof.

164 In Little Andaman, we Europeans are constantly threatened with mala-
93 ria. Should we fail to take all necessary precautions we would catch it upon setting foot on the island. The Onge are all infected, but it does not upset

6: Cipriani E-5 (1951-1953)1961 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Onge

them ; neither children nor adults have dilated spleens. Inhabitants of other regions where malaria incidence is high often show the same immunity, supposedly attained through local adaptation. Papuasians, Melanesians and Africans sometimes appear insensitive to malaria, although they all carry the germs of the disease. In opposition to their resistance to malaria, the Onge are vulnerable to minor lung infections and measles, which we would not consider serious.

When fever occurs, whatever the cause, the Onge recur to their universal remedy : plastering the entire body with clay, ochre, turtle fat and honey. Legs, arms and trunk are swaddled in tight bandages made of strips of ficus bark. These bandages hinder superficial blood circulation. The strips are removed from time to time and replaced after vigorous massaging of the body with hands and feet. Stomach and chest pains, as well as insistent coughing, are treated by stretching the patient horizontally on the ground and rubbing him energetically with hands and feet. The feet compress the body, with special attention to the affected part. The entire trunk is worked over in this manner, inch by inch, and the patient is carefully rotated until he has been completely turned around to receive treatment on all sides. This process lasts half an hour or more. It is a curious sight to see a man transformed into a kind of sausage, all tied up in strings and subjected to violent treatment on the bare ground, with a crowd of spectators surrounding him, obviously taking the whole performance quite seriously. The result is kill or cure ; the former helped, I should say, by rough treatment performed with the best intentions.

Exposure to hot smoke is another Onge cure for wounds and pains. I saw it applied, for instance, on Nabimbôi, the fat young wife of Maritôi, chief of Chemalê. She had scorched her right foot by stepping inadvertently on smouldering ashes. The pain made it impossible for her to sleep, so she was treated by covering the burn with the usual mixture of clay, turtle fat and honey, and exposing it to hot smoke. The smoke was provided by burning the fresh seeds of a creeper, each as big as a horse-chestnut and of the same colour, but of a lenticular shape. Incisions are made in the seeds to prevent explosion, and they are laid on the fire where they give out a thick smoke. The injured foot was held as close to the fire as possible. Recovery promptly ensued, but I would not swear that it was due to the treatment.

Fire is used by the Onge also against fever, whatever its cause. I shall quote an instance. On the night of 28 March, 1954, one of my guides, Toncootêi, a very intelligent Onge, suffered a strong attack of fever while resting in the Antiguêh communal hut in the interior of the island. I diagnosed the trouble as indigestion from immoderate guzzling of pork meat. Friends stretched Toncootêi on the ground, resting on his right side. Two lines of burning charcoal, set at right angles, outlined his back and head. Then one of the Onge started spitting on Toncootêi's hair. This was followed by vigorous rubbing of his scalp, with occasional pauses to seize his head and press it strongly with both hands. Following this, diluted ochre and clay – very hot – was spread on his thorax, throat and neck and rubbed in vigorously, whereupon the patient was brought closer to the fire. In the meantime a young fellow

6: Cipriani E-5 (1951-1953)1961 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Onge

started slapping his hands on Toncootēi's and exposing them intermittently to the fire. All this lasted over a quarter of an hour. The patient was then made to lie prone, with his legs spread out, to receive a foot massage as described above, for another quarter of an hour. Torso, feet and hands were worked over, with short pauses for artificial respiration by means of compression. Subsequently his back, and particularly the sacral region, was vigorously rubbed by willing hands and feet. Three men performed this operation. Toncootēi was finally allowed to rest, between two fires kept burning all night. Sunrise found him alive, and the fever had abated, due, I think, to a good European laxative that I had persuaded him to take.

In March 1952, I witnessed a sad episode, followed by the death of the patient, near my Labanare camp. A young mother was suffering from breast rhagades. Her baby was less than a month old, and she was also suckling another child, almost two years old, who had sharp teeth. It is a frequent kindly habit of the Onge to adopt babies ; and it is customary to breast-feed them up to the age of four. Some interesting consequences arise out of this habit, but I shall not analyze them here. A minor detail : since they are allowed to suckle when they wish and are weaned so late, Onge children do not indulge in thumb sucking. Considerable reactions are spontaneously established between the two terminal parts of the digestive tube – oral and anal, as though in physiological conflict. Once more I affirm that the evidence of Onge sexual behaviour positively denies Freudian theories with regard to the sexual life of children. Furthermore, young anthropoids and primitive people behave identically in this respect.

The adopted baby gave the young mother nipple wounds that became infected and suppurated. For lack of proper care and in unhygienic surroundings, the infection spread to the rest of her body. I found her suffering terribly from pain in the breast, muscular spasm and high fever. The Onge had applied their usual external remedies to her body, from head to foot. Very tight bandages of ficus bark, renewed three times a day, were wrapped arounds legs, arms, trunk and abdomen. Bright red ochre – rare in Little Andaman and considered more effective because of its brilliant colour – was painted onto the afflicted breast. The poor young woman looked at me hopefully. I suggested her immediate removal to Port Blair Hospital, and sent radio messages from my camp to the Chief Commissioner, Mr. A. K. GHOSH. He responded generously by ordering a ship to call for the patient, but the journey was useless because her relations were opposed to displacing her. In March 1952 my friendship with the Onge was only starting ; this will explain their refusal to follow my advice. Without proper care, in a place like Little Andaman, the patient died four days after my arrival at the camp.

Prescription of medicines and treatments such as those described above is not determined by specialists. Everybody submits to treatment, with general approval, convinced of its effectiveness. Witch doctors do not exist and perhaps never existed in the Andamans. Nothing, then, is known by the Onge of the dances and exhibitions, commonly executed elsewhere for curative purposes, that influence the patient on a psychobiological basis. As they have

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Onge

no specialized physicians, the Onge do not understand that payment can be exacted for medical care. This stems from the fact that wages are not considered by those happy people as payment for any kind of work whatsoever, but only as a gift. I realized this when I tried to pay my guides after our extenuating marches through the jungle : in order to avoid offending the natives that we had casually met in the course of our trip, I had to give equal reward to everybody.

The Onge consider some men or women better endowed than others with anti-malefic influence ; but these too neither demand nor receive wages for their services. Evil spirits or evil persons are believed to be principally responsible for illness. A series of superstitions and remarkable habits derive from this belief. The above-mentioned precautions concerning the *naquinēghĕ* are among them. For identical reasons they carefully hide hair cuttings, but not nail parings, for the simple reason that nails are never cut but worn down by digging for edible roots, fishing, and other rough work. Superstition, as we know, is also the reason for painting the body to prevent fever and other ills.

In the depths of their jungle the Onge appear to practice some kind of witchcraft. On several occasions I noticed the mysterious behaviour of some natives travelling with me. Occasionally a man left our marching column to examine the inside of a huge hollow tree and signal to his friends. They did not prevent me from looking into the hollow, where I saw only a simple structure of short sticks resembling a trap without being one. The Onge do not use traps ; moreover, those structures were far too flimsy to catch anything. Often, two or three men assembled in consultation, rearranged the sticks that had probably been dislodged by the passage of lizards, crabs or other small animals, and walked away silently. I could get no explanation on the matter. Certainly the Onge are sagacious observers of animal and vegetable life and have deep knowledge of their hidden properties. Some trees are probably used for magical purposes, but, I insist, it is impossible as yet to affirm it. The structures in question consisted of four vertical sticks, about 30 cms long, joined at the top by four more sticks of approximately the same length, placed horizontally. The result was a box-like frame, loose and unsecured. The slightest disturbance, such as a light breeze, could destroy the flimsy construction. As far as I could guess they invested those structures with curative properties, but in what manner remains a mystery. I noticed analogous practices among Central African Pygmies and other primitives.

It is very clear that the Onge dread illness and magic spells, for they consider themselves at a loss in fighting such evils. Unhygienic habits are of no importance to them.

Resting is considered favorable to good health. The Onge indulge voluptuously in rest, interrupting it, however, with too frequent sexual excursions. They mainly rest from doing nothing, because 90 % of their time is spent in what, for them, is the most agreeable manner of enjoying life.

In mid-March, when the honey harvest reaches its peak, the Onge guzzle

9:Sarkar D-5 (1948) 1962 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Jarawa

Another item of material culture found during the above expedition was a few unbaked pots which show that the Jarawa manufacture earthenware articles – an art not reported so far from among the Onge. Coiled pottery was known among the Andamanese (MAN, 1932). It can be found in the Andamanese kitchen middens as well.

The present writer had the opportunity of being twice after the trail of the South Andaman Jarawa in the year 1948. During these two tours a large number of ethnographic objects of the Jarawa was collected. They are now deposited at the office of the Anthropological Survey of India [1], Indian Museum, Calcutta.

It was known that the Jarawa were using Bluff and Spike Islands as temporary halting stations in their to-and-fro migrations from South Andaman to Middle Andaman. In September 1938, a pregnant Jarawa woman and four young children (SARKAR, 1952) were captured while they were crossing on a raft on the coast off Bluff Island. A few of their haunts were known to the then officers of the local forest department.

In 1948 while the present writer was camping at Long Island, studying the Andamanese, two such opportunities of visiting the Jarawa areas arose. The presence of the Jarawa north of Port Anson was reported to us. We left for Port Anson in a motor launch on March 7th 1948, in the company of an Andamanese – whose canoe was tied behind our launch – under the leadership, of Mr. Joseph, the then Sub-divisional Officer of the forest department. We had one gun only and a *dao* (billhook) each.

We passed through Homfray Strait and, reaching Port Anson, we went along the western coast of Middle Andaman. We then anchored our vessel off Foul Bay and came ashore in the Andamanese canoe. This flat open coast is known to be a good place for deer hunting and the animals could be seen from the sea. When the deer were not seen from the canoe we presumed that some human beings had been there shortly before; we suspected them to be Jarawa. Soon we discovered on the beach small footprints, which both Mr. JOSEPH and the Andamanese recognized as Jarawa ones. We traced them inside the jungle and came across a small fire which was still smouldering. A few yards away we found two bags for carrying water made of leaves (fig. 2) which were still wet. The few drops therein tasted sweet. We walked about for some time since the footprints could no longer be traced. There seemed to have been only two people. We then came to Bluff Island along the east coast of Spike Island but found nothing of the Jarawa.

Fig. 2

[1] Thanks are due to its Director, Professor NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE for his kindness in helping the writer with the illustrations of this paper.

9:Sarkar D-5 (1948) 1962 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Jarawa

123 The second trip was made on March 12th 1948. Our party included Mr. JOSEPH and Mr. POOVIAH [1], both Sub-divisional Officers of the forest department, one Burman bush police and four Andamanese with their two canoes tied behind our motor boat. We followed the same route from Long Island and, reaching Spike Island, we anchored at its northeastern corner. We came ashore in the canoes. The beach was small and rocky. Part of it was sheltered on one side by huge rocks behind which the Jarawa were known to waylay those approaching from the sea. So we landed very cautiously. Just at the outskirts of the jungle we saw huge bundles of short bamboo lengths tied to one another and piled up in a heap. It was a Jarawa raft. Near the bamboo pile were three crude paddles split from the spadix of the palm called *Nipa fruticans*. We were all the more careful in our approach.

Soon we came upon a clearing in the jungle. There was no Jarawa, but all around we saw traces of a temporary halt of a large party. We counted nineteen fireplaces. At a distance from the fireplaces we saw a small temporary hut improvised out of the materials available on the spot. Two small shrubs were tied together on two sides to form the roof of the hut. The Andamanese identified it to have been made for the Jarawa chief and his wife. Household objects lay scattered about. Three bamboo cylinders, closed at one end by the natural node, were found next to three of the fireplaces. They are used for carrying water. A dark coloured modern glass bottle, probably acquired during a raid, was also found. One fireplace had a small compartment enclosed by a few wooden posts a few yards off. The Andamanese identified it as an enclosure for keeping a child at a safe distance from the fire. This was probably correct as there was also a baby sling made of bark, exactly similar to that used by the Onge for carrying a baby on its mother's back (VON EICKSTEDT, 1934, fig. 211). At one corner of a fireplace the shavings of an arrowshaft or a bow were seen and nearby was a flat round pebble, one end of which was broken like that of a scraper (fig. 3). This scraper showed marks of red ochre on it. Beneath a tree a circular mat, sewn out of three pieces of long triangular palm-like leaves was spread out, while on its branches was found a beautiful specimen of an unstrung bow. It appeared to have been recently prepared and

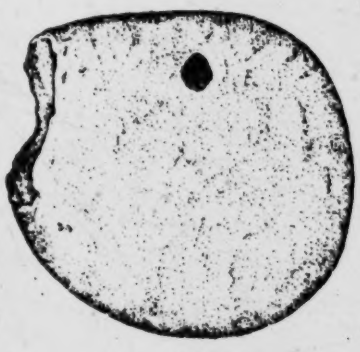

Fig. 3

[1] These two officers captured two Jarawa males, one adult and one boy, on October 19th 1948 on Spike Island. They were brought to Port Blair, wherefrom they managed to escape at night.

9:Sarkar D-5 (1948) 1962 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Jarawa

painted with red ochre. It was perhaps left there for drying. The Jarawa would surely have returned just for this bow!

It was a straight piece of wood tapering at both ends. The outer surface was convex and was painted red, while the inner one was straight and smooth, and showed criss-cross designs and indentations. We then went to look for a spring and found it at some distance behind a steep rock but there was no water then. It appeared that the Jarawa had left this camp some time ago.

We then left Spike Island and sailed for Yeratia Jig. Here an old kitchen midden was known to be another Jarawa haunt. No Jarawa was found even there, however. The kitchen midden was a mound strewn all over with animal bones. Fragments of typical Andamanese pottery and a blue stone bead were discovered there.

In recent years the Jarawa raids have been rather more frequent. GUPTA (1955) has given a list of them in his report on these people. It is believed that the primary cause of the restlessness of the Jarawa is the shortage of game and other food material [3]. On the other hand the tribe appears to have been sufficiently provoked by the punitive expeditions. All the Jarawa villages that the punitive party came upon were burnt down. In the encounter of March 1911 a woman was captured alive and nobody knows what happened to her afterwards. The pregnant woman captured along with four children in 1938 off Bluff Island later on gave birth to a boy (SARKAR, 1952, Pl. IX, fig. 3) at Port Blair but it was difficult to tame her. After her delivery she attempted to swim away and was rescued from the sea. She would spend hours climbing a cocoanut tree. Her whereabouts were unknown during the Japanese occupation of the Andaman Islands during the last war. The young children were sent to the Mission at Car Nicobar, where the present writer studied them in 1948. One of them had died before.

On the other hand the Jarawa raids, according to the then executive Government officers, are also very brutal. Before they go out for a raid the Jarawa cover their chests with bark armour and paint their faces with patterns of white clay. The bark armour is stitched securely on the body by other persons and can only be removed by cutting off the stitches. These people are in the habit of mutilating their victims. They take out their brains, their eyes, and their bodies are hacked all over. – The type of arrow they use is almost a spear, as may be seen from fig. 4. This arrow was obtained by the present writer from the forest department officers of Long Island in 1951. It was used injuring a bush police officer of the night picket unit at Lakera Lunta in January of that year. The police, in return, shot one Jarawa dead. The male nurse of the Long Island Hospital took the following body measurements of this dead man :

Height ... 5 feet 1 inch
Chest ... 36 inches

Fig. 4

[3] They have of late been reported from about the region of Bomlungta, Rangat Bay, etc. on the east coast of Middle Andaman. (The spelling "Ronga Bay" on the map is incorrect.)

11: Cipriani E-3 (1951-1955) 1966 AZ2 Andamans AZ2

Foreword

The following pages represent a brief account of my observations during a period of nearly two years which I spent in the Andaman Islands, living for part of the time with the Onges, who provide the major part of my material.

I had for a long time been interested in the vexed question of the origins of the pygmies, and after spending some years studying them in Africa and in Asia I came to the conclusion that the peoples of the Andaman archipelago might well represent the 'purest' living example of Negrito stock and culture, remaining as they have in complete isolation until very recently. After a brief visit to the Islands in 1951, therefore, and with the warm co-operation of all the officials and government departments concerned, I was able, beginning in 1952, to spend a total of 634 days in the Islands, 162 of them living in the forests of Little Andaman with the Onges.

It would be impossible to list individually the Indian government officials who aided me in every way, but I wish to record here my deepest appreciation of the courtesy and help extended to me by all the departments and individuals with whom I had dealings, both in the Andamans and in India itself. To all of them, whatever their rank or station, are due my warmest thanks – without their help these notes, incomplete as they are, could never have been written.

Armed with gifts of mirrors, glass beads, cloth and, above all, tobacco, I was able to make friends with the reputedly ferocious people of the Andamans and to make observations which, though but a beginning, will I hope lead others to carry further the work which I was able to begin. During my visits to the Islands I was able to set up a museum at Port Blair, where I hope ultimately to

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Onges

to the arid climate) are among the most wrinkled people in the world.

At birth, the Onges are tiny, attractive little creatures, very plump, but rarely over two and a half kilograms in males and two kilograms in females. I was very fortunate indeed in that I succeeded in persuading one young couple to let me examine their new-born child. Local superstition forbids a stranger looking on a child for any length of time, and even an Onge who does so is regarded with suspicion, so I had to be extremely cautious.

The infant was born on 30 March 1954, in the forest to the north of Labanar. Like most deliveries, birth took place in the forest on a bed improvised for the purpose, with only the father (on some occasions also the wife's mother) present, and the placenta was buried under the bed. The women recover very quickly;[1] after a few days they are fit for heavy work, returning to the group without any purification ceremonies, and this was no exception. After a wealth of gifts I managed to examine the child on the morning of 31 March and again on 10, 13 and 14 April. After this mother and child vanished completely, and the father would give me only evasive replies, although only a few days before he had been willing to help me open some graves round Tambe-e-buiè, allowing me to remove the bones of nine Onges who had been dead for many years; superstition (or the women) overcame him on this occasion, however.

My examinations were all carried out in the presence of the mother and at least two of the older women, who were determined to prevent me touching the child.

The child, like all Onge babies, had no body hair; this persists throughout life, though some males have sparse moustaches. Its head was covered with a very fine, sparse down, not black like the adults, but already showing signs of the characteristic woolly texture. Dark reddish-brown, the hair becomes black and tightly curled during the first year of life. The eyelashes curl markedly in adults, but the hair of the eyebrows is virtually straight; in the infant the former were barely visible, and the latter completely absent.

The nails were strong and well formed, projecting a little beyond

[1] Childbirth is normally very easy, but miscarriages are common, probably due to lack of vitality in the foetus.

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Onges

142 147 482 much assistance in this respect, as the muscular insertions are exaggerated in both sexes, both being subjected to continued physical effort resulting in muscular bulk.

142 147 164 [304] [515] One quite outstanding physical feature in the Onges is their teeth. The palate is unusually arched, unlike that of the African pygmies or the Bushmen. The teeth, which are never filed or cut, as many primitive peoples do for decorative purposes, are very white; caries is rare, and although never cleaned the teeth are retained till late in life. A common abnormality is that the lateral incisors are as pointed as the canines. This, with the whiteness of the teeth and eyes against the blackness of the skin, gives the Onges a sinister appearance, which may account for the old description of the Andamanese as men with ferocious dogs' heads. The only (summary) cleaning the Onge teeth receive is the use of toothpicks, thinner and rather longer than the European variety and made from the tough, flexible bark of a certain reed. After use, they are carefully thrust into the hair for future occasions. Every Onge has one or more threaded through the hair on top of the head.

142 147 [264] [514] The strength of the Onge teeth enables their owners to champ their way through what are for us inconceivable quantities of food, both animal and vegetable, which is chewed slowly and determinedly, dust, earth, sand and all, and then swallowed without apparent ill effects, other than the flatulence arising from overconsumption of animal matter. But the Onges use their teeth for other purposes besides eating. In time the teeth become worn down by the inevitable grinding of dirt and grit, but this does not prevent the Onges from continuing to chew the bark of trees and cords, which is a lifelong occupation. This duty falls mainly on the women, and I have seen aged women, their teeth worn almost to the gums, doggedly chewing bark as their contribution to the communal life of the group. The strength of the teeth is unbelievable – I have seen children of ten to fifteen years crush nails up to two millimetres thick, and dent lumps of iron.

114 123 142 147 [137] I myself once had good cause to be grateful for their power. My party and I found ourselves stranded in the forest on South Brother without guns or even knives, and without cooking utensils. There were large clutches of turtle eggs buried in the sand nearby and my two Onge companions pointed out a coconut tree loaded with nuts (which turned out to be the only one on the islands, seeded

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Onges

from a nut carried by the sea from some tree hundreds of miles away). There was thus ample food for several days, if only the coconuts could be opened. The Onges' teeth solved the problem. They attacked the nuts close to the stalk, stripping off great chunks of the fibrous outer covering until they had uncovered the three 'eyes'. These they dug out with a sharp piece of stick, so that we were able to drink the juice and then break up the nuts to get at the flesh. Never did coconuts taste so good!

Round the base of the tree I saw a thick layer of broken pieces of coconut, the remains of nuts opened by the Onges' teeth over the years. The strength of their bite resembles that of the African pygmies, whom I have seen hanging by their teeth from the lianas and who can dent the barrel of a gun.

The average life span of the Onges, and indeed of the Andamanese in general, is fairly short. On Little Andaman there are probably no individuals over the age of sixty, and most die before fifty. Here again they differ from African peoples of similar stature; Bushmen have been known to live to a hundred, and I saw one in Natal, incredibly wrinkled, but not shrunken, who was certainly near that age if not, as he claimed, over it. This is quite unknown in the Andamanese. There are none with white hair; although a few white hairs can sometimes be found on the head of an old woman, there are none to be seen in the men, who die younger than the women. There is no baldness, which is by no means rare in Negroes, particularly in southern Africa.

Precise age is not easy to determine in the Onges. Visual assessment is hampered by the absence of the signs of ageing common in Europeans. Moreover, a particularly child-like expression often lasts into adult life. In May 1952 I saw on Car Nicobar two Jarawa youths, small but robust, whose age by our standards one would have estimated at ten or twelve years. One turned out to be fourteen, however, and the other at least two years older, and both were adolescent, despite their childish appearance.

Males appear to reach their maximum height at about eighteen, and females at about sixteen; both sexes reach full maturity at about twenty-three. At forty-five they are old: their hard life, their unbalanced diet, with its enormous quantities of fat meat eaten in excess, and complete absence of salt, and their unrestrained sexual activity, may all be contributing factors. The slightly greater age

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Onges

Western standards taciturn or sly, and the Negro peoples, who frequently manifest complete abandonment in their amusement. Obscenities appear to be an unfailing source of amusement to the Onges, who indulge in them at every opportunity, even with strangers, and the obscene dances of the womenfolk are a continual source of pleasure. The exchange of obscenities is, indeed, a sign of friendship, and I found that vulgarity was invariably immensely successful in provoking hilarity; any subsequent negotiations were always peaceable and satisfactory.

An extension of this vulgarity is an infantile vanity, not without sexual significance. The care with which their bodies are painted nearly every day is one aspect of this vanity; the more a wife loves her husband the more magnificent the designs she executes on him. The paintings on their bodies reach a peak every two or three days, as the Onges fear illness and death if they are not newly daubed, and the face at least must be continually painted, with at least smears on the chest, arms and legs. A man returning from an exceptionally successful hunting trip is met by his wife with a specially unusual and elaborate design, which she carries out with great devotion. During each of my visits to the island the Onges would rush up to show me their embellishments as soon as they were finished, and took a delight in standing in front of my camera, even though they had no idea what it was for.

It is curious that unlike most primitive peoples, the Onges do not practise tattooing, which is one of the simplest ways, if not *the* simplest, in which such peoples satisfy their craving for physical admiration. The other Andamanese do, puncturing the skin with tiny slivers of obsidian or quartz, but the Onges paint with ochre instead. They love, too, to weave garlands of fruit, flowers and leaves from the forest, returning to the camp laden with them, men and women alike, delighted with their own beauty. This divergence of customs in peoples essentially of the same stock, but separated for long periods of time into endogamous isolates, is very remarkable.

An intense preoccupation with sexual attraction and activity has led to the prevalence of aberration. All the Onges have homosexual tendencies. I became aware of this during my first visit to Little Andaman on one of my longer expeditions, when I had taken only men with me, and on subsequent occasions I therefore allowed the men to bring their wives. The effect of long periods of absence on

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the Onges as hiding-places or temporary shelters. In these cavities, which remain full of water right through the dry season, flourish a horde of amphibia, many hitherto unknown.

The great trees are sometimes so close together that it is literally impossible to pass between them, yet it is rare to find two of the same species next to each other, so great is the variety. Huge clumps of ferns are everywhere, hiding the roots of dying trees, hundreds of years old, and fallen trunks rotting on the ground. Some of the thicker and taller trees protect themselves from the monsoon gales by developing buttresses, usually four or six to a tree, which stand out from the trunk like right-angled triangles, with the apex about ten metres from the ground. If a blanket is stretched between the sloping sides of two of the buttresses one can improvise a shelter which is extremely comfortable by local standards, and both man and animals take advantage of this natural cover; I myself took shelter like this on many occasions. (They need to be treated with caution, however, as the local snakes have a predilection for siestas in the darkest corners.) If a hard piece of wood is struck against one of the buttresses it echoes hollowly, and the Andamanese often make use of them to transmit warning messages over considerable distances, using a form of code. A few beats can make every inhabitant within a wide radius vanish from sight, hastily making for the nearest hiding-place. It is hopeless to try and ferret them out once they have been warned, and there is always a risk of being killed by one of their arrows in the process.

Sometimes the Onges used to disappear suddenly for fun. The blackness of their skin is a great help in this, since even on the brightest afternoon it is intensified by the obscurity of the forest. One has a disturbing sensation of being entirely alone, yet knowing that dozens of pairs of eyes are watching as the Onges glide silently from trunk to trunk between the buttresses.

The whole island is a mass of knotted vegetation, and it is useless to attempt to cut any form of lasting path, as the plants immediately grow back. 'Walking' in the Andamans therefore means opening up a way with a hatchet, unless one adopts the rapid but exhausting Onge method of swinging over obstacles by the lianas. This is the kingdom of the epiphytes. The lianas cover their hosts as if determined to hide them, and clumps of orchids hang from nearly every trunk, although their flowers are unfortunately very small.

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and particularly of Oceania, but not with that of the Indian peninsula – a fact which is highly significant in any reconstructive study of the migration of flora and fauna to the archipelago.

The most recent phase in the spread of vegetation within the Andamans is less than a hundred years old; it began on Great Andaman, but none of the species has yet reached Little Andaman. The coconut has reached it during the last few years, but when I was there, there were not more than five wild palms in the whole island. The original coconuts must have floated from Great Andaman, or even the Nicobars. The Onges at once realized that they were edible, and called them *marele*. Now, however, there is a plantation of over five hundred trees to the north of Labanar, which I established by degrees on a number of occasions as a gift to the Onges.

The absence of any cultivated plants on Little Andaman led me to try pawpaws and bananas, as well as coconuts. In 1952 the Governor himself suggested a plant whose leaves are said to cure ringworm, so widespread among the Onges. The Onges, however, were not remotely interested, nor were they any more interested in the pawpaws and bananas. The pawpaws were left to lie on the ground and groves of young plants sprang up, far too close together, crowding the original tree and not sturdy enough to fruit. It was useless to show the Onges what to do. The bananas would have grown well, but their leaves were ripped to pieces by the storms. Possibly they would fare better in Great Andaman, where the hills would afford some shelter from the wind.

A rather different result, but equally unfortunate, followed the importation of grass seed into Great Andaman to improve grazing. The seed, imported from Europe, must have been contaminated with *Mimosa pudica*, which has spread widely, as it did in India and the rest of southern Asia, and within a few years has destroyed the grass so widely and become so much of a pest that in some areas it is doubtful whether it can be eradicated. The area round Port Blair is full of it, but for the moment Little Andaman remains free.

Culturally, the peoples of the Andamans remain today, unlike their kin in Malaysia and the Philippines, at a level almost identical with that of their ancestors thousands of years ago. They represented then, and in great measure represent today, a pure hunting and

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their hunting and fishing, or contacts with strangers, which are loudly chanted, accompanied by miming and dancing, during their nocturnal celebrations. One was sung and danced in my honour; Cendubai,[1] head of the Lulera hut, much struck by the sight of me in my hammock slung between two trees on nylon cords, delivered himself of a warning over the danger I was running using such thin cords. At the end of each 'verse' the refrain '*cué-cian-ghéghe'bét-chéle*' (he will hurt himself) repeated his fear of the cords breaking.

Hunting and fishing episodes are to the Onges less interesting than themes like my safety, because to them they lack the repetitive refrain. In their dances, on the other hand, they prefer something else, to us monotonous, but for them always new, and even exciting; more than anything they love to dance the stages of courtship to its culmination, with the help of words and extraordinarily (to Western eyes regrettably) vivid gestures.

Birds, to the Onges, harbour the spirits of the dead, and it is for this reason that they are never eaten, contrary to the assertions of Brown.[2] Similar fears extend to lizards, the jungle cats, bats, rats and snakes. I have confirmed this among both the Onges and the Arioto. The latter even refused to eat some fat pigeons which I offered them not knowing of the taboo; they accepted the gifts, but the pigeons were eventually eaten by my own men. And the Onges whom I took with me to Port Blair for a few days refused point blank to eat pigeon or chicken.

The spirits select the Onges' food for them, in the sense that they regard everything as edible or poisonous, according to whether the guardian spirit is benign or malevolent. Given the curious adaptability of the spirits and the intensely practical way in which they operate it is hardly surprising that their benevolence or malignity coincides remarkably well with those foods which tend to promote normal health!

[1] I was sorry to learn that Cendubai died suddenly in 1955 aged barely forty.

[2] Curiously enough, while the Onges' fears lead them to reject out of hand any food of animal origin which is unknown to them, the same does not apply to vegetable foods. They ate half-rotten fruit, which I offered them, even though they had never seen it before, and they clamoured for rice and tea, so much so that in order to prevent them becoming addicted to the rice, as so often happens when primitive peoples meet a new food, I insisted on receiving equal quantities of yams in exchange for the rice and very sweet tea, to slow down their demands.

To truly primitive peoples like the Onges, European medical practices are fascinating. Men and women will refuse literally nothing once they are convinced of our intention to do them good and cure their ills. Although they have a rudimentary form of medicine, they recognize the superiority of European methods, and medical aid has therefore become our most powerful means of making contact with uncivilized peoples.

While I was busy trying to alleviate their ailments I became aware of the power which 'medicine' has over them, and I was also able to observe their own methods of dealing with their ills. Understandably, disease, death and birth are all attributed to particular supernatural beings, or to the spirits of the dead. They try not to offend these beings, but strive nevertheless, in their own way, at least to cure disease. Once primitive peoples see our methods they respect them, and are eager to be treated; strange though it all seems, they develop a blind faith in the omnipotence of the new ways.

There is little actual disease among the Onges and they have equally few vices. They are still unaware of the existence of alcohol, and have not learned how to ferment sugar substances, such as the honey in which the Little Andaman abounds. Tobacco is a recent introduction, and the Onges at once became wildly addicted to it; the tobacco leaves I had taken with me were in fact my best means of making my way peacefully into the island. A few Onges have acquired a supply of opium from Burmese and Chinese smugglers along the north coast, but instead of smoking it they seem to limit themselves to chewing it mixed with tobacco, and have fortunately no means of replenishing their stock.

Polio, tuberculosis, smallpox and cancer seem unknown, but for some unknown reason the islands have on a number of occasions been struck by disastrous epidemics of measles. These epidemics struck nearly every member of some of the communal huts, judging from survivors' reports, and the sites were afterwards abandoned, leaving the huts to be destroyed by termites.

The census of 1931 includes a personal observation by Portman of congenital syphilis in several Onges. This has since been proved wrong and in 1952 I found only one young man with nasal malformation possibly attributable to the disease, half-moon incisors, and abnormality of the skull and palate. I was not able to find him

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on later visits. Dr H. Lehmann found no evidence of syphilis in the fifty-two individuals of both sexes from whom he took blood samples in my presence.

Although the Onges are normally healthy and look outwardly robust, they have very little actual resistance to disease and succumb very quickly. Twenty-eight of them, whole families, young and old, whom I took with me to Port Blair in 1954 to present them to the President of the Republic of India, all developed a high fever owing to the change in their way of life during the few days it took from Little Andaman to Great Andaman, and we had to take them back hastily to their own island immediately after the official visit. Even minor feverish complaints of no importance seem to depress and terrify them so that they die very quickly, and I sometimes heard that young Onge friends whom I had left in excellent health had died suddenly from, so I was told, some febrile complaint. The Onge women have better resistance than their menfolk to disease as a whole, which may also help to explain their greater longevity.

On the other hand wounds heal surprisingly quickly in both sexes, although in some of the old men I saw purulent leg sores, slow to heal even when treated with antiseptics which I applied myself. I saw none of these in women, but they seem to be more severely attacked by ringworm, especially on the abdomen and round the umbilicus. Few of the Onges were free from ringworm but none of them bothered to treat it, and it did not seem to cause them any noticeable disturbance. In one woman I noticed whitish patches on the fingers and lips, due to leucoderma.

Diseases of the nervous system and mental illnesses seem very rare, although a few individuals are subject to attacks of epilepsy, watched reverently by all present! The Onges regard epileptics as possessed by a spirit capable of giving important information and question them like the oracle. A number of the Onge leaders, among them Giota of Tambe-e-buiè, go from time to time into a state of trance, which has every appearance of an epileptic attack. I saw one case of dementia in a middle-aged woman, but it was mild enough to allow her to go about her work reasonably well, and at regular intervals she produced normal children.

Sight and hearing in the Onges are particularly acute, as has often been reported in primitive peoples and attributed to the

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regular exercise of the two faculties required by their existence in direct contact with the natural world; anyone, it is said, who lived such a life would preserve the same keenness of eye and ear. Certainly I saw no myopia among the Onges, nor any of the eye infections common among other inhabitants of the tropics. With the naked eye they can pick out tiny craft far out to sea, or the small, narrow Onge canoes which I could hardly see with field-glasses, which makes me doubt whether constant exercise of the eyes can really be the full explanation of their power of vision. They can pick out quickly and accurately birds immobile among the dense leaves in the darkest part of the forest, invisible to me, even though I was used to looking for them and could see them when they moved. And from the ground they saw high in the trees tiny amphibia which I wanted to catch, after I had caught one by chance which had proved to be a new species. These amphibia, perfect mimics, become almost invisible when they attach themselves to the bark of the trees, but the Onges pointed them out to me from a distance with absolute accuracy, and I was in fact able in 1954 to catch over two hundred in a week.[1]

The Onges can also pick out reptiles on the ground, or among the foliage, distinguishing with long practice the poisonous varieties which abound in the islands, and I found it very useful to send Onges ahead of me in the forest to look out for these snakes. When any of my Indians were bitten it was always because they thought they could do as well as the local scouts! The Onges themselves are, however, occasionally bitten, with serious consequences. One of them, aged twenty-five, climbed into a very high tree after honey, and unwittingly put his left hand on a snake hidden in the leaves, where it had climbed to search for birds' eggs. It bit just above the elbow, causing an alarming swelling of the arm with severe pain and fever. He was brought to me semi-conscious, with the whole limb swollen to the size of a rugby ball. The unfortunate man's neck had been bound with the usual strands of *Ficus* bark, and not surprisingly he was groaning desperately, and clearly on the point of death.

The Onges have no specific remedies for snake bites, and their

[1] These amphibia were examined in 1954 at the Institute of Zoology of the University of Genoa and given the name of *Kaloula baleata ghoshi*, in honour of Mr A. K. Ghosh, then Governor of the Andamans.

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attempts to help, after binding his throat, had consisted in smearing the man's entire body with a mixture of ochre, turtle fat and honey with an extra layer on the bitten limb. Although it was very late to start treatment I injected antiserum, and the next day the man seemed a little better. I next saw him eleven days after the injection, when the arm appeared much less swollen, and the pain had almost disappeared, although clear traces of the accident remained; the skin was cracked and peeling, and the two puncture marks at the site of the bite were still gaping open, each revealing red, purulent flesh over a circular area more than two centimetres in diameter. The arm looked almost gangrenous, but its owner did not seem worried, and joined in cheerfully with the others round me. Just over a month after the accident the wound was completely healed, leaving one very grateful patient.

The incident shows the complete solidarity of this simple and reputedly so warlike community; by tacit agreement the patient was relieved of all work, and provided with food by the other families in the communal hut. While he was seriously ill his wife went hunting and fished, normally the man's work. Similar help is given in the case of the aged, or if a wife and mother falls ill; food is provided for them, and for the children, and certain 'sooth-sayers' appear to be at least partially provided with food by the rest of the community on a permanent basis.*

For any kind of fever the Onges turn immediately to their stock remedy, smearing the entire body with the usual mixture of ochre, turtle fat and honey. The legs, arms, chest and abdomen are then tightly bound with strips of *Ficus* bark, which are removed and renewed from time to time. Whether the patient has pains in the abdomen or in the chest, or elsewhere, or has a cough, he is invariably stretched out on the ground, and the appropriate part is given a form of vigorous massage by the feet of one of the bystanders. Usually the entire body is pummelled for quite a time, the patient being turned over and over. The patient ends up looking rather like a mummy plastered in ochre and the whole process is to us somewhat amusing, but the Onges all practise it, and submit to it, very seriously, believing implicitly in its efficiency. The mechanism by which the treatment works has yet to be determined!

Balls of ochre the size of a hazelnut and varying in colour from bright red to whitish-yellow are given by mouth, particularly to

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children. I have seen anything up to half a dozen given, one after another. Their laxative effect is sometimes violent, as the ochre is mixed with the usual turtle fat, plus lumps of pure wax from the hives of the black bees.

Another 'cure' is the smoking of the affected part. One young woman well known to me, Nabinibbi (wife of Maritòi, leader of the Cemalè group), plump and in her own way graceful, had burnt two toes of her right foot, and was unable to sleep with the pain. She smeared the foot well beyond the burn with the usual mixture and held it out to the smoke of great fresh liana seeds laid among embers. The seeds, the size of a large chestnut, but lenticular and covered with a dark brown, leathery skin, burnt with a dense smoke.

Another treatment, rather different, was applied to one of my Onge guides, Toncutèi, who developed a high fever on the night of 28 March 1954, while he was in the communal hut known as Entiguèh, in the north-central area of the island. In fact, it was merely violent indigestion caused by too much pork – Toncutèi, like his father Enagaghe, an indefatigable trencherman, had availed himself too freely of the boars shot that day by my men. His friends laid him on his side on the ground on a rectangular mat barely large enough to take his body, with his legs bent up to his chest. They then lit low fires along two adjoining sides of the mat, turning him from time to time so that he 'cooked' evenly. One Onge began spitting on the patient's hair, and rubbing the spittle into the skin, stopping every now and again to press the victim's head between his hands. Another dissolved ochre in water, and after heating it, rubbed it well into the patient's chest, throat and neck. Meanwhile, a third beat his hands vigorously on Toncutèi's. This went on for just over a quarter of an hour, after which the patient was stretched out on his stomach with his feet sticking out over the end of the mat, ready for the foot massage. As the masseur's foot reached the chest he stopped, pressing hard to enforce complete emptying of the lungs. Half an hour of this led to further rubbing with hands and feet for another fifteen minutes, particularly over the sacrum. Finally Toncutèi was left in peace beside the fire. By dawn the fever was gone (aided possibly by the strong purgative I had administered), although it was a couple of days before he had fully recovered.

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Near my camp at Labanar, in March 1952, I witnessed a distressing and fatal case. A young woman, with a baby a month old, had suckled another child, as the Onge women do. The older infant, which had cut its teeth, caused damage to the nipples and the ensuing infection spread throughout the body. The wretched woman was writhing with fever and the pain from her infected breasts and suppressed lactation. Her body had been smeared with a vermilion ochre, held to be the most powerful balm, and tightly bound, as usual. Her condition was so poor that I suggested sending her at once to Port Blair for treatment. Unfortunately, however, at that time I was only just beginning to establish contact with the Onges, and the woman's husband, after all the arrangements had been made, refused to let her go. I had not yet gained the Onges' confidence enough to be allowed near the woman, and although I was able to photograph her I could do nothing to prevent her death.

The decision to administer 'medicine' and subject patients to various treatments is not the province of any specialists, but is taken by anyone in the group; all, including the patient, accept the decision, since all are utterly convinced that it will benefit them. Medicine men and sorcerers, so numerous in Africa and elsewhere, do not exist among the Andamanese.

The Onges have not the slightest idea of any standards of hygiene. They never wash intentionally; the forest, dripping from every leaf, and frequent immersion in water while out hunting, take care of the problem. One must admit that in the circumstances their nakedness is hygienic. A small fire is kept burning beside each bed at night for warmth, a useful precaution which I found very welcome on the many cold nights which followed a very hot day. Deprived of these fires the Onges fall ill at once, a fact of which I had ample proof on several occasions when I took Onges with me out of Little Andaman; they were provided with beds and coverings in well-constructed wooden houses, but although none of them complained about the absence of the fires by their beds they all developed feverish chills.

And yet in their own territory I have seen them lie soaking wet all night in one of their temporary forest camps or a communal hut with a leaking roof without any ill effects, simply because they had

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were approaching an Onge camp. Everywhere they go they are accompanied by flies of all sizes, and in Little Andaman the swarms are so bad that the first stranger to land called a river after them, Bumila Creek, or fly river. Their flies betray the Onges long before the barking of their dogs – no human voice ever betrays their silent presence.

On Little Andaman today the Onges' tacit divisions of territory are of little importance, so heavy has been the fall in population, but they still keep out of areas belonging to other 'huts', even if the huts themselves have been abandoned. I never saw any disputes over territory, or the ownership of the area in which a pig was caught (and hence ownership of the pig). The Onges who accompanied me, possibly encouraged by the prestige value of a European with them, hunted wherever we went without anyone raising any protests. Nevertheless, I always took the precaution of giving anything I or my Indians took to the Onges of the nearest hut, invariably much to their delight.

Contrary to established opinion, communal huts on Little Andaman are not found only along the coasts; the majority, and certainly the best constructed, are in the interior. Togalanghe is one, and there are a number of permanently abandoned temporary camps near it.

Both the permanent and temporary huts or shelters of the Andamans resemble those of the Semang. The latter are extremely simple, especially in the dry season; there are no walls and only a very sloping roof of leaves, high at the front and very low at the back, the beds being put so that the feet face the low part of the roof. With the Semang and Aeta the beds may be made of bamboo; this is never the case in the Andamans, as there are no large bamboos in the archipelago (Brown was wrong in this respect. The few slender bamboos on Little Andaman are only usable for making drying racks, which are found only round the hut at Beniabol in the south. As the people were away when I went there, and the site was consequently completely deserted, I was unable to establish visually what they dried, but traces of fish, particularly pilchards, were indication enough.)

These temporary shelters are put up extremely quickly. Two poles less than two metres long for the front, and two more, thirty to forty centimetres long, for the back, are fixed firmly into the

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providing not too much effort is required. The Semang and Aeta dig water-holes, and several authors have regarded the Andamanese as differing from them in this respect, but I am able to confirm that they can and do dig water-holes. I first saw them do so in 1951, and in 1952 and again in 1953, near Toqué-è-bùie, I was able to enlarge one. Originally it yielded very little water, and very dirty, as the Onges never bother to go further down than they must – a handful of water is enough. After I had enlarged the well it yielded over half a cubic metre an hour, and I had to build a fence round it to prevent the dogs wallowing in it. I gave the Onges buckets, rope, pick-axes and spades so they could get at clean water, although in view of their natural indolence I rather doubted whether they would be any use. In fact, they used the metal parts for arrow heads and went on as before, drinking out of foul pools covered in rotting vegetation and refuse. It is easy to have clear water on Little Andaman, naturally filtered over the coral formations and never more than two or three metres down, but the effort is too much for the Onges! Usually they drink like animals, lying flat on their stomachs with their lips to the water; some will fold a large leaf into a crude cup, however, and occasionally a fastidious individual will use a *Nautilus* shell.

The water-hole at Toqué-è-bùie alone, if properly maintained, would be able to supply enough water every day for at least five hundred people. The continual falling in of the sides, inevitable in a sandy area, could be permanently prevented by cementing them.

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842 163 enjoy the active marital relationships necessary, according to their husbands, to encourage the entry of the benevolent spirits which bring motherhood. The late onset of fertility in all Andamanese 842 163 165 women and perhaps in men as well[1] probably depends on mechanisms which have been operating for a very long time, affecting the sex ratio at birth, and preferential infant mortality in one sex. 123 124 By a combination of observation and deduction I was able to be reasonably certain that among the Onges at least more males are born than females. The disparity is reduced, though not eliminated, by a higher mortality rate in young males. Males thus remain in excess, making it difficult for some, possibly fertile, to find wives.

842 143 161 There are certain peoples – notably the Pitcairn Islanders – who have arisen by repeated inbreeding for hundreds of years from a very few individuals. It is clear from this example that genetic isolation and inbreeding cannot of themselves cause numerical, physical or mental decline of a population. The problem merits further investigation. Civilization has perhaps accused herself unjustly of causing the decline of primitive races, whereas she has in fact only hastened the disappearance of groups already heading for demographic decadence as the result of physiological factors which lie within the group itself, and which are consequently difficult to counteract. The intrinsic damage done by civilization as such has, in my opinion, been considerably exaggerated in some quarters.

855 597 Possibly because of the low birth rate the maternal instinct is very highly developed in the women of the Andamans, even to the point of 'adopting' children temporarily. These children are always given lavish affection, and are kept sometimes for years, or even permanently if the parents do not ask for them back. Given the language barrier, this custom makes census-taking difficult as childless couples happily declare adopted children as their own. Nabimbòi, with no children of her own, always had children with her, and it was only the fact that they differed from year to year that led me to suspect what was happening! One wonders whether the custom was not already common before outsiders first came to the Andamans, owing to the existence of a high incidence of sterility long before the arrival of civilization.

[1] There is some evidence of infertility in the men, but it is clear that this is of relatively minor importance.

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eyes to crack their skulls – and thrown into the small basket every woman carries on her back, hung from the usual cord round her forehead.

The fish the women catch are all the varicoloured species which always haunt the coral shallows, bright red, blue, green, black and white in a wonderful range of stripes and patterns. The Onges eat them with no respect for design, and I must confess that I myself found them very good.

Besides fish, the women catch molluscs, crustacea, lobsters, crayfish, crabs and even some species of hermit crabs (the latter are baked alive in their adopted shells, and only the abdomen is edible). Lobsters are plentiful, some striped with green and blue and weighing up to half a kilogram, with a very delicate flavour, but the Onges do not seem to be greatly interested in them. They prefer fish and crabs; *Pterocera*, again baked alive, are great favourites and I quite saw why the kitchen-middens are full of *Pterocera* shells.

The men prefer to fish with bows and arrows made specially for the purpose, and very different from those intended for game, the shaft being made of very light hollow cane, instead of the solid wood demanded by the mechanics of the game-arrow. The fishing arrow is made of three parts, bound tightly into one. The point, now made of iron,[1] is about four to five millimetres in diameter and twenty to twenty-five centimetres long. Like that of the arrow harpoon, it is fixed by a tightly bound thread to a small stick or foreshaft about fifteen to twenty centimetres long and slightly smaller in diameter than the shaft proper (usually eighty to eighty-five centimetres long), so that the overall length of the finished arrow is a hundred and ten centimetres or more. The binding threads are held fast by a mixture of resin and beeswax, coloured with ochre in the case of new arrows.

I tried giving the Onges hooks and lines; they were intrigued by my demonstration of how to leave lines overnight and draw them in next morning loaded with fish, but no more. This was not superstition or fear of the unknown but sheer adherence to established custom. They have neither incantations, amulets nor propitiating

[1] Formerly made of *Tridacna*, or very hard wood. Some of the latter are still to be found, but all the other types of head – fish quills, bone, and *Tridacna* – have disappeared long ago.

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emerge from the eggs and make their way towards the sea, led by some unerring instinct, fresh predators are ready to pounce on them. Hungry gulls and fish, and the giant crabs, lie in wait and sometimes not one escapes. 136

But the annual survival of only ten young from each female would be enough to allay any fears for the extinction of the species and fortunately reproduction takes place several times a year, often four or five times, according to the Onges, mainly from March to September.

In the case of eggs which I protected and watched, incubation lasted sixty to seventy days depending on the time of year. During the whole of the incubation period the Onges regard them as edible, like the Bushmen of the Kalahari, whom I saw take and eat birds' eggs regardless of their age or state of development. The Onges even like the turtle embryos when cooked, and the other contents of the shell. Curiously enough, however long they are cooked the whites of turtle eggs never set, although the yolk does and is excellent. The Onges, as a sign of great respect, often gave me baskets full of the hard-boiled yolks. 136 262 [123]

Turtles, despite their peaceable appearance, are extremely aggressive, and will take on nearly anything they meet. Their battles are one of the most amusing things in the animal world. The males of the marine turtles rarely approach the shore, except to fight each other. This they do ferociously, biting at everything within reach, regardless of being bitten themselves, as the land turtles do in the mating season. The aim is to overturn one's enemy so that he is quite helpless, after which the winner ambles off, leaving the vanquished to his own devices (the trick is to get one's head under one's opponent's body and lever upwards). A turtle, once on its back, takes hours to right itself, which it can only do by accident, when its frantic wriggling and beating in the air with its legs hollows the sand away underneath its back so that it flops over the right way up. 136

One of the Onges' greatest enemies in their search for food is the crocodile, *tebairona*, as they call it. They have no means of fighting the creature, so they limit themselves to fearing it and building stories round it. On Little Andaman crocodiles are found only near Nachuge on the west coast, in the deep waters of Jackson Creek, *To-ggw*. There used to be numbers of them in a few places on Great [825]

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136 been found since 1500. It is found only in the seas round Australia and Malaysia, flourishing round the Andamans, growing rarer towards Indonesia, and reaching as far as the Philippines.

Although *Nautilus* shells are very often thrown up by the sea on the shores of Little Andaman (though rarely whole, because they are so fragile), I never managed to find one alive. The creature prefers to live below thirty metres, where it can be taken with a hook and line. I distributed some to the Onges and offered them every possible inducement, but no one managed to catch a live *Nautilus*. The lovely shells are striped white and rosy pink on top, shading to a mother of pearl colour underneath, and when polished and shaped make beautiful cups or ornaments. I brought some back to Italy with me, but the best were stolen. In one collection in the Zoological Museum of the University of Florence there are some fine ones set in silver, now of considerable value.

237 302 123 177 Another shell which the Onges use is that of the huge bivalve *Tridacna*, the elephant of the mollusc world (see p. 114). For many hundreds of years they have filled these shells with water and used them as mirrors when they paint themselves. (The reflection is poor, however, and they fell enthusiastically on the mirrors I had taken with me. These they named *quietanga*, derived from their name for *Tridacna*, and followed me all over the island to get them.)

136 262 Two species of *Tridacna* are found on Little Andaman; *Tridacna gigas*, the larger, and *Tridacna squamosa*, large, but somewhat lighter in weight. Both live in relatively shallow water and are equally terrifying once they have got a hold (see p. 114). Fortunately, the Onges have learnt to surprise them when they are open and slash the single immensely powerful muscle, which closes the two halves of the shell. The flesh is edible when well boiled, and certain parts can even be quite tasty, with a delicate sea flavour; I even ate some raw, much to the horror of the Onges. (They were equally scandalized at my eating raw some of the excellent oysters, which they despise.)

136 Some of the *Tridacna* of the Andamans and Nicobar can weigh over two and a half hundredweights. The actual flesh is not heavy – the two halves of a magnificent *T. squamosa* that I caught at Nancowry in the Nicobars and gave to the Governor of the Andamans weighed nearly one and a half hundredweights and were over 1·3